Bhim Nimgade - Tiny Soldiers

Tiny little deaths come so often that we hardly notice them. Our tin words, little soldiers, start their march in gallant formations, formations holding together in flat pasture lands but falling into disarray among the hillocks and copses and stone walls and bog-hollows with squirming mudfish. Words need other words to march with, to lean on, to give each other strength. When some fall, others falter, and the lines stumble and stagger, lurching without vision. The tin armies are decimated and ragged, the little woundings and harassments have mounted into little slaughters that have added up to great gaping holes in the ranks. Now words without their fellows march, barely touching or even seeing each other, devoid of meaning except in fitful gleams and fluttering. And soon with darkness coming, the words stumble on slower and slower, with ever dimmer sense and meaning. World without sense, worlds without senses, worlds whirling into dissolution. Why hold on? A tiny flutter in the heart, a tiny clouding in the brain, a tiny shadow in a lung; a tiny faltering of the tongue before the right word leaps up; and so begins the decline and then the wind-swept falling to an unknowable, incomprehensible end.